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OR THE

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To the Honourable

POPHAM CONWAY, Esq;

SIR,

A Poetical Dedication is one of those Accidents, I had almost said Diseases, which few Persons of extraordinary Merit and Fortune can escape, especially in this Town: soon or late it fixes on the most conspicuous, and too often defaces the Beauties which it touches. The Apologies that usher in most Addresses of this nature, sufficiently show, that they are thought a trouble even by those who presume to make them. It may well then seem strange, that I should own this, and at the same time dare to approach in that very manner a Person for whom I would express the greatest Respect. Yet, Sir, these Considerations, instead of deterring me from the attempt, are perhaps the chief Inducements that embolden me to make it: For You are of too generous and obliging a Temper, and too great a Favourer of the *Muses* in general, and more particularly of Dramatic Performances, not to be exposed to the danger of having some of them forced upon You, by way of Dedication, beyond a possibility of escaping such a Compliment. Therefore, Sir, I flatter my self with the thoughts of having a better pretence to do You that civil Violence, than many others, who perhaps would not use You so gently, but would rudely invade Your Character, and put You to more pain than my tender Respect will suffer me to do. For 'tis but too common with some Authors in a manner to dissect their Patrons, and read tedious Lectures over every individual Qualification. Now, Sir, I

am not inclin'd to run into such a Fault: My Zeal may indeed make me afraid of saying too little, but my concern for the satisfaction of the Person to whom I write, makes me still more fearful of being thought guilty of saying too much; if yet too much can ever be said of such Merit as seems above the reach of Flattery: Praise is a Tribute due to Vertue, and acceptable even to the highest Powers: We offer up our Incense, and they shower down their Blessings. But a vulgar and unskilful Hand sometimes prophanes the Rites it would perform, and no common Expressions can illustrate uncommon Desert. Should I say, that where-ever You appear, You captivate the Hearts of one Sex, and raise the Envy and Admiration of the other, 'twould be but what is universally own'd, tho' no more than what has been said to many: And should I wave Your outward Graces to speak of those Nobler Accomplishments of Your Mind that only wait Occasions to signalize Your Life by a Genius peculiar to Your illustrious Family, I could do little more than enumerate the Endowments of the living Ornaments and springing hopes of their Country. For, tho' most Men have discernment enough to admire, very few have Capacity to commend. In an extraordinary Subject, I would say something new and worthy of it; but, in so beaten a path as Panegyric, tis next to impossible to make Discoveries; and little more than to give a new turn to old Thoughts is what can be done, even by Masters of Wit and Oratory. Thus, Sir, I please my self with the hopes of being the more excusable in not aiming at that Theme; since, after all, the greatest Artists might be reduced to speak like the rest of the World that would do Justice to Your Character. Besides, some shining Truths, as well as Merit, set off to advantage,

are

are like those sparkling Diamonds which so much exceed the common magnitude, that they are sometimes suspected of not being what really they are. So blind some People are, not to consider, that a noble Soul looks most like her self in a graceful Habitation. Certainly, Sir, had Yours been to have chosen her Dwelling, she could not have pitched on one more worthy such a Gust. A transient sight of such Perfections may create Envy, but even that Envy must Convert it self to Esteem and Love upon a nearer view: For that Discretion, that Prudence which secures You from the dangerous Attacks of insinuating Designers, when joyned with Your sweetness of Temper, and other Qualifications, must blunt the Darts of the most repining Malice. The judgment that attends Your kind dispositon to oblige, never hinders it from becoming a diffusive Good, and only heightens the Favours You bestow, by Your Modesty in concealing them. Fortune is more obliged to You, than You to her. She has been thought one of those noble Prodigals who had rather be lavish of their Gifts than just in the payment of their Debts; but we must cease to accuse her of Blindness, when we see how deservedly she has heaped her Favours on You. May You live to possess 'em long, and those richer Blessing, those native and acquired Treasures that so singularly set 'em off; and may You ever believe me to be, what I am ambitious of appearing,

SIR,

Your most humble and

Most obedient Servant,

Peter Motteux.

To the Reader.

THO *Mr.* Fletcher's *Island Princess was frequently Acted of old, and Revived twelve years ago, with some Alterations; the Judicious seem'd satisfy'd, that it, wou'd hardly have been reliſh'd now on the Stage. As I found it not unfit to be made what we here call an Opera, I undertook to Reviſe it, but not as I wou'd have done, had I deſign'd a correct Play. Let this at once ſatisfie the Modern Critics, and the Zealous Admirers of Old Plays; for I neither intended to make it regular, nor to keep in all that I lik'd in the Original, but only what I thought fit for my Purpoſe, and the ſucceſs has anſwer'd my intent, far beyond Expectation. However, I am not willing to attribute it to my ſelf, but chiefly to the Excellency of the Muſical Part. What Mr.* Daniel Purcel *has ſet is ſo fine, that as he ſeems inſpir'd with his Brother's wonderful Genius, it cannot but be equally admir'd. The Notes of the Interlude ſet by Mr.* Clarke *have air and humour that crown 'em with Applauſe: And the Dialogue and Enthuſiaſtic Song, which Mr.* Leveridge *ſet, are too particularly lik'd not to engage me to thank him for gracing my words with his Compoſition, as much as for his celebrated Singing; Nor muſt I omit Mr.* Pate's *admirable Performance, which, with Mr.* Leveridge's, *gives life to the whole Entertainment.*

I ſhould now ſay ſomething in anſwer to two late Books in which the Diſcourſe about the Lawfulneſs and Unlawfulneſs of the Stage, printed before Beauty in Diſtreſs *is examin'd: but I am too much engag'd in other matters to do my Friend and my ſelf that Juſtice at preſent. Yet if the doubting Gentleman will be pleas'd to meet the Booksellers and Me, They and I can convince him, or any Friend of his, that the Diſcourſe was really* Engliſh'd *and ſent me by the Perſon mentioned in the Title.*

The Dialogue in the 4th Act, ſhould have been ſung in the firſt Entertainment, which as well as the law, is not very proper for that place, nor wou'd I have let 'em appear thus but for Reaſons, as improper to be mention'd here.

PROLOGUE.

Spoke by Mr. *Powell.*

PRologues, ſome ſay, are uſeleſs, grave or gay:
The firſt but clog, the laſt ne'er ſave a Play.
Yet, ſince for hum'rous Prologues muſt you long,
Before this Play we'll have a Ballad ſung.

This

PROLOGUE.

This is our Play-wright's Thoughts: But we who know
The just Respect to mighty Names you show,
Think fit t'acquaint you, that, 'tis humbly own'd,
He rais'd his Structure on fam'd Fletcher's *Ground.*
This known, we hope we've little now to dread;
You'll spare the Living, lest you wrong the Dead.
Perhaps too, when you know we've our Pay
At our own Cost t'adorn these Scenes to day,
In Pity to the Play'rs, you'll kindly use the Play.
Left by our Rulers for our selves to strive
When our faint hopes could scarce be kept alive,
Th' by Misfortune drain'd, we by your Smiles revive.
Your gen'rous Pity would not let us fall,
And, in Return, we freely venture all. [Exit.

Enter Mr. *Leveridge*, who Sings the following Words.

1.

YOu've been with dull Prologues here banter'd so long,
They signifie nothing, or less than a Song.
To Sing you a Ballad this time we thought fit;
For Sound has oft nick'd you, when Sense cou'd not hit.
Then Ladies be kind,
And Gentlemen mind!

Wit-Carpers,	*Mobb'd Sinners,*
Play-Sharpers,	*In Pinners,*
Loud Bullies,	*Kept-Toppers.*
Tame Cullies,	*Bench-Hoppers*
Sowre Grumblers,	*High-Fliers,*
Wench-Bumblers,	*Pit-Plyers,*
Give Ear, ev'ry Men!	*Be still, if you can!*

You're always in Mischief for leading the Van.

2.

Ye Side-box Gallants, whom the Vulgar call Beaux,
Admirers of——Self, and nice Judges of——Cloaths,

Who

Who, now the War's over, cross boldly the Main,
Yet ne'er were at Sieges, unless at Campiegne.
Spare all, on the Stage,
Love in every Age.

Young Tattles,	*Young Graces,*
Wild Rattles,	*Black Faces,*
Fan-Tearers,	*Some faded,*
Mask-Fleerers,	*Some jaded,*
Old Coasters,	*Old Mothers,*
Love Boasters,	*And Others;*
Who set up for Truth!	*Who've yet a Colts-Tooth,*

See us act that in Winter, you'd all act in youth.

3.

Ye Gallery haunters, who Love to Lie Snug,
And munch Apples or Cakes while some Neighbour you hug
Ye loftier Genteels, who above us all sit,
And look down with contempt on the Mob in the Pit!
Here's what you like best,
Jig, Song, and the rest.

Free Laughers,	*Sly Spouses,*
Close Gaffers,	*With Blowzes,*
Dry Joakers,	*Grave Horners,*
Old Soakers,	*In Corners*
Kind Cousins	*Kind No-Wits,*
By Dozens,	*Save Poets,*
Your Custom don't break!	*Clap till your hands ake;*

And though the Wits damn us, we'll say the Whims take.

Dramatis Personæ.

Armusia,	A Noble *Portuguese,*	Mr. *Powell.*
Ruidias,	General of the *Portuguese* in the Spice Islands.	Mr. *Mills.*
Pinicro,	A *Portuguese* Officer, his Friend.	Mr. *Thomas.*
King,	Of *Tidore.*	Mr. *Evans.*
The Governor, or Tyrant of the Island of *Ternate.*		Mr. *Johnson.*
King,	Of *Bakam.*	Mr *Bullock.*
Prince,	Of *Syana.*	Mr. *Kent.*
Quisara,	The King of *Tidore's* Sister.	Mrs. *Rogers.*
Pamera,	One of her Women.	Mrs. *Wilkins.*

Bramins, Portuguese, Officers, Citizens, Guards and Attendants.

SCENE the Spice Island.

THE

The Iſland Princes.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Entrance to the Temple in the Palace.

Enter Armuſia, Emanuel, Soſa, *and two other* Portugueſe *Gentlemen.*

Arm. WE're now in thoſe delicious Eaſtern Climes
Where ev'ry Wind diffuſes balmy ſweets.
The Treaſure of the Sun dwells here; each Tree,
As if it envy'd the Old Paradice,
Strives to bring forth immortal Fruit. The Spices,
Renewing Nature, can preſerve her Beauties
Untainted in the Grave. The very Rivers as we float along
Throw up their Pearls. The Earth, ſtill cloth'd in Flow'rs,
Teems with the Birth of Gemms, and dazzling Riches:
Nothing that bears a Life but brings a Treaſure.
Em. To wander, with us, Sir, you left betimes
Your Country, tho' the darling of its Court.
Arm. We *Portugueſe* with eaſe now journey thro' the Globe.
New Worlds diſcloſe their Beauties and their Prides to our embraces,
And we the firſt of Nations find theſe wonders.
But of 'em all, this Iſland boaſts the greateſt;
A Princeſs whom all Nature's Bleſſings grace.
The very Sun, I think, reſpects her Charms;
Nor dares affect 'em with the common gloom.
Em. So lately Landed, and already ſtruck! Beware *Armuſia!*
Arm. Your Councel comes too late——Let's find the General,
Our Countryman, *Ruidias*——
So. 'Tis rumour'd, Sir, he loves her.
Arm. Ha!——Yet I muſt on, in ſpight of Reaſon's Laws.
He meanly loves, whom fancied diſtance awes,
Like a bright Star, ſhe's fix'd and ſhines on high,
But Love has wings, and to her Orb I'll fly.

Enter Piniero, Chriſtophero.

Chri. You're early here, *Piniero.*
Pini. Not ſo early, Sir.
But I've already ſeen our Watch reliev'd.
And bid our Guards be careful of their Charge.
The Fort is all our ſtrength in theſe Spice Iſlands.
Chri. And ſure our common ſafety
Requires ſtrict watch upon our Treacherous Neighbours.
Pini. Their late attempt is yet too freſh among
In which againſt the Laws of Arms and Nations
The Governor of *Ternate* ſeiz'd by ſtealth
This Iſland's Monarch, our confederate King,
While for Diverſion coaſting in his Barge.
Chri. His Royal Siſter, the admir'd *Quiſara*,
Has ſhew'd a noble Mind, and tender'ſt Love
To her unhappy Brother, and the nobler,
Becauſe his Fall wou'd raiſe her to a Throne.
Pini. Such charms and Virtue with juſt admiration
Have robb'd the Neighbouring Courts, and fill'd her
Palace with Royal Suiters——
Our General is in among 'em too, and has the ſtart, 'tis thought.
Chri. But have you ſeen *Armuſia*,
The handſome *Portugueſe* arriv'd here lately?
I fear he'll ſpoil his game, *Pinero.*
Pini. A Man of noble [illegible],
Without Reſerv'dneſs Grave, and doubtleſs Valiant,
For he that dares come hither dares fight any where.
But hold——
We're in the Palace of the Iſland,
Not our own Fort. D'ye mark theſe Preparations?
Thoſe doors lead to the Temple, where the Princeſs
Has ſummon'd all her Lovers to aſſemble;
But to what Purpoſe we are yet to learn.
Chri. But who are chief?
Pini. That ſwelling Vanity, the King of *Bakam.*
The next *Syana*'s Prince; but, what's the greateſt wonder,
The haughty Governor, our Enemy,
He that ſurprized the King, to gain the Siſter,
Is under formal Hoſtages arriv'd. ——

Enter Armulia, *and his Companions.*

Pini. You're welcome, to *Tidore*, Sir!

Know

Know there is nothing in our power to ſerve you,
But you may freely challenge.
Arm. Sir, we thank you, and reſt your Servants.
Chri. Brave *Armuſia*, you never ſaw this Court before——
But hark, the Signal's given, and ſee the Pageants enter.

Enter the King of Bagam, Syana, *and Governor with their reſpective Attendants.*

Arm. Theſe ſure are Iſlanders.
Pini. And Princes.
Arm. What may he be that bears ſo proud a Port?
Pini. The King of *Bakam*, Sir, a meer Barbarian——
This is *Syana*'s Prince——and that the Governor,
Who ſeiz'd the King, and keeps him Priſoner——
Ar. Away, ye Trifles;
And I in Competition with ſuch Toys!
Sy. You ſpeak loud, Sir.
Ba. Young Man, I will ſpeak louder.
Can any Man but I deſerve her favour?
Ye petty Princes!
Sy. Thou proud vain Thing, whom Nature——
Ba. I contemn Thee, and that Fort-keeping Fellow.
Go. Ha!
Ba. Keep thy Rank, Thing, with thy own petty Peers——
Call out the Princeſs?
Go. Doſt thou know me, Bladder?
Art thou acquainted with my Nature?
What can'ſt thou merit?
Ba. Merit! I'm above it.
Honour's my Servant, Fortune is my Salve.
I ſlight ye, Inſects: had not the vain People
Beſtowed ſome Titles on ye, I ſhou'd forget your Names.
Sy. Sir, talk leſs, that Men may think you can do more.
Ba. Why, I can talk and do.
I tell you, only I deſerve the Princeſs,
And make good, only I, if you dare, you,
Or you, *Syana*'s Prince.——
Sy. Here lies my Proof.
Go. I'll be ſhort with you.

The Temple opens, an Alter is diſcovered, and Prieſts near it. *Enter* Ruidias, Quiſara *in ſtate, with her Attendants.*

Rui. For ſhame forbear, ye Princes; rule your angers:
You violate the Freedom of this Place,
The State and Royalty——

Go. He's well content I see, so I have done.
Qui. You wrong me, and my Court, contentious Princes.
Comes your Love dreſt in violence to ſeek us?
Is't fit our Palace, and this ſacred Place
Shon'd be polluted with your bloody Rage?
He that loves me, loves my Commands; be temperate,
Or be no more what you profeſs, my Servants.
Omn. We are calm as Peace.
Arm. What Command ſhe carries,
And what a ſparkling Majeſty flies from her!
Qui. Since you're for Action, I ſhall find you danger;
But not this way: 'Tis not this mean Contention
Among your ſelves, not Courtſhip to my Face
Who beſt can Love, or who can flatter moſt
Shall guide my choice; he that will hope my Favour
Muſt win me with his Merit.
Omn. Propoſe the way.
Qui. Firſt I ſhall call our Gods to witneſs what I promiſe.
Now give me hearing. 'Tis well known to you,
The King my Brother is Priſ'ner to this Man.
Were I Ambitious there I'd let him die;
And wear his Crown; but Greatneſs cannot tempt me
To forget Nature, and a King's Diſtreſs.
Therefore the Man that wou'd be known my Lover
Muſt firſt redeem my Brother, or ſeek another Miſtreſs.
Arm. Divine Creature!
Chri. A dang'rous task; how they ſtand gazing all!
Qui. I grant ye, this will be no eaſie work,
But the Reward is certain——*Ruidias* cold!
Perhaps you doubt me, Princes.
He that will free the King, ſhall be my Husband.
By that moſt bright and ſacred Shrine, I ſwear,
Before theſe holy Men I here proclam it.
No ſtirring yet? [*Looks on* Ruidias.
Rui. If, Madam, to attempt this Royal Reſcue
Thro' all forms of Danger
Might crown your hope, I had not loſt this Minute;
But here, where Conduct muſt keep Pace with Courage,
The ſtarting fiery Will is rein'd with torment
To Judgment's ſlower march.
Qui. Take your own Method.
Ba. Madam, believe him here, I'll raiſe an Army,
Shall bring him to you, Iſland, Fort and all,
And fix it here.

Sy. What may be, Madam,
And what my Pow'r can promiſe, I engage.
Go. Ha; Ha!
Madam, their Pow'r and Arts are all too weak,
'Tis only in my Will to give your Wiſhes.
I ſeiz'd your Brother to ſecure you mine.
Then thus the Treaty's finiſht! Take your Priſoner,
And make me yours, cloſe Priſoner to theſe Arms':
Say but the word, your Brother ſhall be render'd quick as your wiſhes.
Qui. Know, baſe Raviſher,
I hate both you, your Country and your Love.
Heav'n knows how dear I prize his Liberty;
But e're I wou'd ſo baſely buy his Freedom,
I'd ſtudy to forget he was my Brother.
By Force you took him; he that wou'd poſſeſs me,
Muſt fetch him back by Force, or ne're ſucceed.
Arm. Noble Spirit!
Gov. Be Wiſe, and uſe me better.
Qui. I ſay by Force, and ſuddingly——ſo return, Sir,
And glad we have kept Faith for your ſafe Paſſage.
Gov. How's this?
Pin. Your hopes are great, good Governor.
Gov. Am I then made a Property?
I'll check this Pride. This neglect of me
Shall coſt your Brother dear.
For, as till now I've us'd him like a King,
He now ſhall in a Dungeon fetter'd lye.
Darkneſs and lingring Death for his Companions,
And let me ſee who dares attempt his Reſcue.
Farewell: And when you find him thus, lament your ſcorn.
Nay, I ſhall make you kneel to take my Offer. [*Exit Governor.*
Qui. Provoking Inſolence! he dares you, Princes.
Your Honour now's concern'd. Haſte, joyn your Powers;
When Majeſty's thus wrong'd all Princes ſhou'd revenge.
Oh that I were a Man to lead you on,
To free a King, and puniſh that Barbarian,
That Tyrant, who by treach'rous Force wou'd gain
What ev'n ſubmiſſive Truth can ſcarce obtain. [*Exit* Quiſara *with her Train*, Bak. *and* Sya.
Rui. We muſt reſolve and ſpeedily. Walk with me Gentlemen,
Exit. Rui. Chriſt. *and* Pin.

Manent *Armuſia*, *Emanuel*, and *Soſa*.

Em. Now, Sir, you ſtand as you were charm'd.
Arm. O *Soſa*, O *Emanuel*!
So. What now?

Arm

Arm. This Captive King! What an Action
Would this be to put forwards, Friends! What glory!
Em. And what an everlasting Wealth to crown it!
Arm. To step into't while they are thinking.
So. Sir, 'tis impossible; The Port's impregnable.
Arm. No more, dissuade me not, for I will rule in this.
So. If it must be——
Arm. Stay not for second Thoughts——Oh! She's an Angel!
At least we can attempt; our very Fate
Will sometimes be the Theme of her Discourse,
And I would dye ten thousand thousand Deaths
To have her talk of me——
Love, Love with all his Fires has shot himself
Into my Soul, and urges on to dare.
Shou'd we succeed, how vast is the Reward!
Come on, my Friends!——For such a Prize 'tis wise to hazard all;
Blest if we Live, and Glorious tho' we fall. *Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Vault under the Castle.

Armusia, Sosa, Emanuel, *and two more in Disguise, some of 'em with lighted Matches.*

Arm. OUR prosperous Passage was a lucky Omen,
The Sea and Wind strove which shou'd most befriend us.
Where lies our Boat?
So. Safe lodg'd within the Reeds behind the Enemies Castle.
Arm. These Merchant's Habits too have done us service:
Unquestion'd thus I've travell'd thro' the Town,
View'd all the Tyrant's Magazines; got knowledge
Ev'n of the Prison,
Where the King's dungeon'd, and the Power that guards it.
So. You attempt strong Work.
Arm. Courage is strong; besides a Monarch's Fate's in't;
Yet lose or win there's no retiring now.
Thus far our Game holds fair, as Merchants we
Have hir'd this Vault, and stow'd those Mattled Wares,
That soon will blow it up.
Em. The Trains are laid, Sir.

Arm.

Arm. Come nearer then,
That no falſe Ear may reach us; o're this Vault
The Caſtle ſtands, where the proud Governor
Has ſtor'd his Arms and Treaſure, next to that
The Priſon where the injur'd King is kept.
The Fire I've brought ſhall break out into Flames
That all the Iſland ſhall ſtand wond'ring at.
When the Town's full of Fright, and all employ'd
To quench the Flames, then fly we to the Priſon,
And puſh for the King's Reſcue.
So. Fortune ſpeed us!
Arm. Let us be worthy of it by our Courage.
And ſo take leave, but keep ſtill within ſight,
Till the Flames riſe, then meet to do or dye.
Fail not, dear Fire, and Powder, hold your Nature.
By uſeful miſchiefs nobly triumph here!
Redeem a King, and ſerve a matchleſs Fair,
Aſſiſt my Love, and make one happy Pair. } *Exeunt ſeverally.*

Scene the Town of Ternate.

Enter Governor, and one of his Captains.

Gov. No, Captain, for thoſe Troops, we need 'em not,
The Town is ſtrong enough to ſtand their Furies.
D'you think they dare attempt to free the King?
Cap. Perhaps by Treaty,
But ſure by Force they will not prove ſo forward.
Gov. Well, wou'd I had the Princeſs, I muſt have her,
In ſpight of all her ſcorn——Hark! What's that? *A noiſe is heard like the ſpringing of a Mine.*
That Noiſe there, it went with a violence.
Cap. Some Wall, belike, Sir, is fallen ſuddenly.
[*Within.*] Fire, Fire!
Gov. I hear another Tune, 'tis loud and dreadful. *Exit Cap.*
Look up into the Town, how bright the Air ſhews! *The Bell Rings.*
Upon my Life ſome ſudden Fire——The Bell too.

Enter 1. *Citizen.*

1. *Cit.* Fire, Fire!
Gov. Where? Where?
1. *Cit.* Suddenly taken in a Merchants Vault, Sir,
It blazes fearfully! Help, help, good People. *Re-enter.*

Re-enter Captain.

Cap. Your Magazine's a Fire, Sir, help, help, suddenly,
All will be loſt.
Gov. Raiſe all the Garriſon.

Enter another Citizen.

Gov. The Flames increaſe! help, help, dear Citizens.
Freedom and Wealth to them that helps!
Fling Wine, fling any thing, I'll ſee it recompens'd. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter 2d. Citizen.

2. Fire, Fire! What, my Brats hanging ſtill about me! get you gone you young Baſtards, go, go and plunder!

Enter 3d Citizen Drunk.

3. I heard 'em cry Fire, I wiſh I knew where 'tis, I'm deadly cold.
2. Oh Neighbour, run, ſave your Goods, your Houſe is a Fire.
3. I don't care, I've got the Key in my Pocket.

SCENE changes to a Priſon, and a proſpect of Fire.

Enter Armuſia *and his Company breaking open a Door.*

Arm. So, thou art open, keep the Way clear behind ſtill,
Now for the Place where the King lies.
Em. 'Tis here, Sir.
Arm. Force open the Door; quick, while the Guards are ſcatter'd.
All's in diſorder ——— The Fire rages on ———
Oh 'tis a glorious blaze——Ha! a miſerable Object! [*The King is diſcover'd.*
Yet by his manly Face he ſhows a King.
King. Why ſtare ye on me?
You cannot put on Faces to fright me,
In death, I'm ſtill a King.
Arm. Quick, break the Chain! [*They take off his Chains and put a Sword into his hand.*
Oh Barb'rous Wretches thus to uſe a Prince.
King. What does this mean?
Arm. Sir, we are Friends, and come to ſet you free!
King. Heaven! thou art gracious.

Enter

Enter Guard.

Arm. Ha! the Guard! Charge 'em! [*They fight two Parties of Guards who at last fly.*

They fly! the day is ours! the King is free.

King. Thou gen'rous Stranger, what art thou! Some Angel sure.
Oh! if thou art a Man, let me embrace thee?
Command my Pow'r, my Life.

Arm. Your Love, no more, Sir.
But now let's hence! haste to the Boat, [*They go with the King.*
Then to *Tidore*, there, there is my Reward.
Such a Reward! Oh the thoughts on't transport me.
Poſſeſs'd of that, I ſhall think *India* poor.
There is no Wealth but ſhe: She's Crowns, and Scepters,
Health, Freedom, Life, the Empire of the Globe;
Nay, more, ſhe's——ſhe's the Woman I adore,
And with *Almeyda* that outweighs the World. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ſeveral Townſmen.

1. What, is the Fire out, or paſt the worſt yet?

2. 'Tis out, Neighbour, but whether paſt the worſt or no, I know not. I never ſo beſtirr'd my ſelf ſince I was a Man. I have been burnt at both ends like a Squib. I liv'd two long hours in the Fire. The Flame at laſt got down into my Throat, and broke out again I don't know where. I fry'd like a Lamp Marrow-Bone——If they had not clap'd in a dozen Buckets on this goodly Tenement of mine, I had flam'd up like any Tavern Bruſh, and been out of the Seven Stars by this time.

3. Well, of all the ſeven Elements, ware fire, ſay I.

2. Seven Elements, quoth he! Why, you talk as if the Fire had ſcar'd you out of your ſeven Senſes! I tell you there are but four Elements: Water and Malt are two of 'em; and Fire and Brimſtone, the other. They've paſt thro' me a little too lately, I thank 'em.

3. Hold, I ſay, there's a fifth Element, right Brandy.

2. Thou art drunk? 3. Right then, now I'm in my Element.

1. Ay, Neighbour, if ev'ry Man had wrought as you did.

2. Why, I ſtole nothing, you ſlandring Cuckold you. That Son of a Batchelor is always back-biting a Man to his face. I'd have you to know, I ſcorn your words. 'Tis well known I get my living at my Finger's ends, and that too I get out of the Fire, as a Man may ſay.

3. How many Rogues were there pretending to help remove Goods, and ran away with 'em.

2. Ay, thoſe unconſcionable Rogues! I hate 'em. I hate a Thief.

1. But is there not a deal of damage done?

1. Only some six score houses burnt, that's all; Neighbour——
Come let's go home, and fright our Wives, for we look like Devils! away!
yonder comes our Governor, a worse Plague than the Fire, he has beams [Exeunt.
enough yet standing to hang us all.

Re-enter Governor.

Gov. Fool'd with a Fire! Oh I could tear my Hair!
The King is scap'd, fled, past Recovery,
All, all my hopes of Love and Greatness lost.
Shall I give over then? No, Spight, Ambition,
Revenge, and fiercer Love forbid it. Rather,
I'll venture all, and, in disguise unknown,
Crown my Foe's Fortune, or retrieve my own. [Exit.

The Scene changes to the King's Palace in Tidore, from which is discovered a Fleet of Ships of War. Enter Ruiz.

Rui. Love bids me dare, but Reason bids delay.
Our strength is now too small for such a Siege.
Yet I must on, the Princess fires my Soul,
And tho' She seems to favour my addresses
Unless I free the King I must despair.
Well then, I'll die, or do't——We'll now embark—— [Shout at a distance.
What means that Shout?

Enter Pinero.

Pin. Where are you, Sir? Oh you're undone, prevented!
The King's releas'd, he's coming in his Barge,
That met him nigh the Port.
Rui. Impossible! who should redeem him?
The Princes are all here.
Pin. 'Tis done, Sir.
Rui. It cannot be! Done! who dares do it? [Shout.

Enter Quisara, Penura, *and other Attendants.*

Qui. Can it be possible! The King returning!
Freed by a Stranger! Oh my Fatal Vow——
Rui. Grief strikes me dumb!
Qui. I thought none but *Ruiz* could have freed him.
Is there another like him in the World?
But Oh! Surprise and Grief betray me, and I lose
The Sister's gladness in the Lover's sorrow.
Oh Brother! could I have thought I should have shed a Tear
For your Return, unless it were for Joy?
Rui. Oh Princess! [*Qui.* The

Que. The general Joy comes on; [*Shout again.*
And I must meet it, but Oh wife, what comfort?

Enter King, attended with a numerous Train, Trumpets, Kettledrums and Musick. Armusha, Sofa, Emanuel with him, Bakam, and Syana on each side with their Attendants and Guards.

King. Rise my Sister!
I am not welcome yet, till you embrace me.
Que. My Royal Brother! Oh I'm lost in Pleasure,
To see you safe again.
Ba. Sir, I rejoyce to see you here restor'd,
But must repine, that 'twas not by my means;
'Twas a brave Deed, I envy him that did it;
Yet had it miss, my project had not fail'd.
King. I thank you, noble Sir, I know you love me.
Ba. I have an Army, Sir,
That would have scour'd your Tyrant and his Country.
I'm sorry you're releas'd, and with you in your Dungeon again,
That I might bring you hither at my Armies Head.
Sya. I have done nothing, Sir, and therefore think it
Convenient to lay little of what my Love design'd.
King. I like your Modesty——My gen'rous Friends,
I thank you all, I know it griev'd ye
To hear my Misery: But this Man, Princes,
I must thank heartily indeed.
This wondrous Man, even from the Grave of Sorrow,
Has rais'd me up to Freedom, Life, and Empire.
Oh Sister, if there may be thanks for this,
Or any thing near Recompense, invent it.
Arm. You are too noble, Sir, there is Reward,
Reward above my Action too, by Millions;
A Recompense, so Rich, so Great, so Glorious,
I durst not dream it mine, but that 'twas promis'd
Before the Face of Heaven.
King. O speak it, speak it, bless me with the Knowledge.
Make me a happy Man,
For else methinks I am a Prisoner,
And feel no Liberty, till that is found.
Arm. It is——(But first to Heav'n and you I bend,
If either can forgive the high Demand)
It is your Sister, Royal Sir, She's mine.
I claim her, by her own Word, and her Honour:
I have her open Promise to the Man
That durst redeem you——Beauty set me on,
And Fortune Crowns my hopes, if She receive me.

King. Receive you, Sir——Why Sister! [illegible]
Stand'st you in awe not me, nor what he [illegible]
My dearest Sister!

Aur. O Sir, your Pardon,
There is a blushing Modesty
That holds her back; Virgins are nice to Love
Would'd not have her forc'd; give her fair Liberty;
Ladies of her soft Nature, if compell'd,
Turn into Fears, and fly ev'n their own Wishes.

King. Look on him Princess, is there such another?

Qu. Sir, I confess,
My Word is pass'd, and he by that has purchas'd;
But yet be pleas'd to give me time to be
Acquainted with his Merit: we are strangers,
And Love, like Pow'r, must pass thro' Ceremonies,
Ere it can fix in Virgin's hearts.

King. Be speedy.
You will respect your Word: I know you will:
I'll be your Pledge, my Hero; Come, my Sister,
Let's see what welcome you can give a Prisoner,
And what kind Looks a Friend——
Thus in my Arms once more.

Aur. You make me blush, Sir.

King. Let this Day see our whole Court crown'd with Pleasure.

An Entertainment of Musick and Dancing.

Several Shepherds express their Joy.

The words were fitted to the Musick, which is charmingly compos'd by Mr. Daniel Purcel.

Whatever is mark'd thus (*) is left out in the singing.

Mr. *Leveridge.* *Shepherd.*

This glorious Day, let Pleasures flow;
Flow Love and Hymen's joys more;
Ye Sports, appear, let Sorrow cease below!
Hither repair, the Golden Age restore,
Let Mortals share the Blessings of the Skies,
See *Jove* for ever crown our Love,
And own, tho' Nymphs excels in Eyes,
No Joys can Vye with Lawful Love.

Mr. *Freeman.* *Another.*

Happy he who wisely chuses
To taste of Love without its Woes.
* Happy She whose Charms improves
* The soft delights of Harmless Love.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Change may Fly, Change may Fly,
Let Trust Lie Lift in Love's Deceit,
And Knaves never so expire.

Mr. Farr and Mr. Leveridge. *Two Shepherds.*

Cease, ye Rovers, lawful to Love
Pleasure reveals best in Change.
Wandring still, and still unruly,
Nought can fix ye, nought can please ye;
While true Love, like Heav'nly Joys,
Never dies, and never cloys.

A Shepherdess.

" From drooping Hearts let Sorrows fly,
" Joy must reign, and Love shall die.
" South who grieves for Cure Denying,
" Hearts now raging, Wounded Dying.
" Know, that Lovers who perish,
" Soon or late the Fair Relieve.
" Blame your Fear when you Despair,
" Not the willing dying Fair.

Mr. *Magnet's Boy.* *A Shepherd.*

All the Pleasures Hymen brings
Lawful Sweets, and chaste Desires,
All the Pleasures Hymen brings,
Flow from ever-living Springs,
And never-dying Fires.

Mrs. *Lindsey.* *A Shepherdess.*

The Jolly Swains
That were roving o're the Plains
From all Regions higher fly,
To claim kind Hymen's gentle Tye:
With their wanton Motions courting,
Some lovely Maid,
Whose Eyes perfuse
To soft delights, and amorous Sporting,
Exit Swains and Shepherdesses, who dance.

Grand CHORUS.

Love's Flames divinely burn:
The Golden Age returns:
Jove, Juno, and Cupid, and Hymen agree,
All Hearts that bless'd, and bless happy are free.

King. Lead on! Sister, your hand to my Daphnera.
Drus. Oh let me first approach it with a Kiss,
Thus trembling with extremity of Bliss.
Wisely, bright Princess, you allay the Joy,
Still slowly Bless, and leisurely Destroy.

ACT

ACT III.

The Palace.

Enter Armusa, Sosa, Emanuel.

Em. SIR, why so sad amidst so much good Fortune?
Arm. I want what Beggars are allow'd, Content.
So. Does then the King neglect you?
Arm. No, he is grateful e'en to meer profuseness.
But Oh his Sister, that disdainful Fair,
That shou'd a little smile upon my Service,
And foster my Deserts, with one kind word,
Spight of her solemn Promise.
Em. And you go sighing up and down for this?
Arm. What would you have me do?
Em. Do what a Man that knows the Sex wou'd do
In such a Case, go to her.
So. That's the way.
Em. And talk as if you fought for her, boldly.
Arm. I shall do something; but with more Respect.
Pray leave me to my Thoughts, and in an hour command me. [*Ex.* Sosa, Emanuel.
What shall I do to move her Soul to Pity!

Enter Panura.

Ha! This Woman waits on her——Lower I cannot fall,
I'll try my Fate——Madam, may I presume——
Pan. 'Tis the brave Stranger! a handsome Gentleman!
How happy will she be in such a Husband!
Arm. You wait on the Princess;
With one kind Office you may bind a Gentleman
Hereafter to be yours. Such beautious Faces
Shou'd have courteous Minds.
Pan. Tell me your Business, Sir.
Yet if it be to her, I think your self
Wou'd do much better, I know your Interest.
Arm. I want assurance,
And am yet but a Stranger——I wou'd speak with her.
Pan. She's now alone.

Arm. Pray

Arm. Pray wear this, and believe my meaning civil. —[*Gives her a Jewel.*
I wou'd speak to her in private.

Pen. You shall, Sir.
Be pleased to go with me;
My Chamber's next to her's. But pray be secret.

Arm. As Death. —[*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *Enter King, Governor like an old* Bramin, *or* Indian Monk.

King. So far and truly you've discover'd to me
The former Currents of my Life and Fortunes
That I acknowledge you most Wise and Holy,
And credit your Predictions.

Go. I have liv'd long sequester'd from the World
To find out Knowledge, which I've now attain'd to.
Many a mystic Vision have I seen,
Wherein the good and evils of these Islands
Were lively shadow'd. Many a Charge I've had too,
Still as the time grew ripe, to reveal these,
And now I speak.
Beware these *Portuguese!*
The Cause is now the Gods: hear and believe, King!

King. I do, but know I've found 'em gentle, faithful,
And am oblig'd to 'em for my Deliverance.

Go. O Son, the aims of Men are to be look'd at
Above their present actions;
These Men came hither, as my Vision tells me,
Almost starv'd, and Shipwrackt, begg'd leave to Trade,
Grew Rich, then suck'd the Fat,
And Freedom of this Isle, taught her to tremble,
Witness the Fort they've clapt here on the Neck
Of your *Tidore.*

King. They have so, indeed, Father.

Go. Take heed! your late delivery is only
A fair fac'd Prologue to future mischief,
Mark but the end of your Restorer!
Your Sister is his due. What's she? your Heir, Sir.
And what's he akin then to the Kingdom?
But Heirs are not ambitious——who thou suffers?——
What reverence shall our Gods have? and what Justice
The miserable People?

King. You've well advis'd me.
And I will seriously consider, Father.
In the mean time you shall have fair access
To my Sister, dispose her to your Purpose.
And let me still know how the Gods determine. —[*Exit King.*

Go. So

Go. So, thanks to this falſe Beard, and falſer Cant,
I've hopes to ruin thee, my bold Rival.
The *Bramins* ſhall foment the Pious miſchief;
And when each Party's weaken'd, I'll unmask,
Strike in between, and get the Princeſs and the Crown.
Revive my hopes! Revive!——Mankind to fool,
Still the great Maxim is, Divide and Rule. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The Princeſſes Apartment.*

Enter Quiſara, Panura, *and Page.*

Qui. Sing me a Song, then leave me——and if *Ruidias*
Shou'd come and beg admittance, introduce him.
But ſtay——Will Vertue warrant this admiſſion?
Surely, for once it may, in ſuch an Exigence——
We muſt conſult about this turn of Fortune. [*Qui. ſeats her ſelf on a Couch.*

A SONG, by the Page. Set by Mr. *Purcel*

Lovely Charmer, deareſt Creature,
Kind Invader of my Heart,
Grac'd with ev'ry gift of Nature,
Raiſ'd with ev'ry grace of Art!
Oh! cou'd I but make thee love me,
As thy Charms my Heart have mov'd,
None cou'd e're be bleſt above me,
None cou'd e're be more belov'd. [*Exit Pan. and* Page.

Enter Armuſia.

Shield me, ye Powers! What's here! [*She ſees him.*
Sure 'tis the Phantaſm of the Man I dread,
Form'd by my Fears! Who are you?
Arm. The fondeſt and moſt wretched of your Slaves.
Qui. Who waits there? Rude Intruder, leave me.
What means this Treachery? Who let you in?
Arm. What cou'd keep out the Love that brought me hither.
Qui. This is an Inſolence unparallel'd,
Nor ſhall my Brother's Love protect this Boldneſs.
I'm Miſtreſs of my Self, and will not be
Thus viſited, ſpight of your boaſted Service.
Arm. Bright Vertue——
Qui. Stand off, I read diſhonour in your Eyes.
Arm. By all that Beauty they are Innocent,
Pray tremble not, you have no Cauſe, Fair Princeſs.
Qui. So baſe a violation of my Privacy!
Arm. If vertuous Love may claim a pitying glance,
Look on me, and believe me! Is this violence?
Far be it from my Heart to fright your quiet,
And [illegible]eſt Curſe falls on him that intends it;

If

If you mistrust me still, take this and sheath it here. [*He offers her his Dagger.*
'Twill give a Wound less cruel than your doubts.
Qui. Why this Intrusion then?
Arm. With trembling awe to urge my Love and Service.
But hopes remove, the nearer I approach you,
And I even dread to claim what you have promised.
So much more easie was the task proposed
Than to demand the recompence. Oh Princess!
When greatness check'd the Fire your Beauty kindled,
Your Promise fann'd it to a Flame. I dar'd,
But 'twas you quicken'd hope: then kill it not;
My flame is grown too mighty to be quench'd;
Yet Oh, 'tis pure, 'tis free from selfish dross.
Qui. May I believe?
Arm. Wrong not your Charms that claim no less a duty.
Believe me all devoted to your Will.
Qui. Oh, Love! Why must I be ungrateful to such Merit. (*aside.*
Shall I exact a Proof of your Obedience?
Arm. Command a thousand, till I've tir'd your doubts.
Set any task, Mortality may dare.
Point out new dangers, bid me face Destruction.
Command me any thing——but not to Love.
Qui. Then hear me! Cease for ever to expect
The Recompence you ask'd, and leave me now.
Arm. What have I promis'd?
Is this my doom, and is there no redress?
Qui. But one, which you must to my pity owe.
For I must blush to tell your Cure—— I Love——
My Heart was all dispos'd before you claim'd it.
Fancy had got the start of your Deserts,
Which yet I prize so high, that for your Ease
I force my Modesty on this Confession,
To disengage your hopes, nor let the Man
That has so highly serv'd, depend on fruitless Air.
Arm. Oh, Madam!——
Qui. Replies are vain: Obey!
Arm. Wretched *Arminia.* Double wretched now;
What wilt thou do? Can'st thou resign thy Princess?
Resign her to a Rival? Tamely yield
Thy beauteous Prize, and starve thy self to let
Another Riot. Oh this wracks my Soul!
Grief, jealous Rage, Despair, and Envy tear it.
Bid me with naked Breast go storm a Breach,
When thro' the dreadful gap a thousand Deaths,
Rush down in Fires and Rocks and Iron Hail.

But change th' ungrateful task. 'Tis death to hope,
And hope's the Life of Love; 'tis torment in extream,
Wheels, Daggers, dying Pangs, and lingring Fires.
Qui. Hard fate! Why must I use him thus? But Oh!
I must be cruel to my self or him. (*Aside.*
Arm. Still dumb, relentless Fair? Well, I'll content you,
And keep my Promise, tho' I lose my life.
Despair will make that easie, Joy attend you,
While I withdraw to die; it should be at your Feet,
But I will not Prophane this Place, nor cost
Your heart a sigh, Farewel!
Qui. Stay gen'rous Stranger: your despair alarms me,
Oh, promise me to live.
See, see the Pity which I pay your anguish:
My grateful Soul suffers no less than yours;
For 'tis a pain to be so much oblig'd.
And Bankrupt in Returns. It kills my Joy,
I'm angry with my self, and torn in two.
I wou'd recall my heart, but Oh! I cannot. Fear, Duty,
Honour, Shame, Pity, Gratitude and Love distract me,
War in my Breast, my Head, my Soul, and strain the strings of Life.
Oh leave, leave me, my Confusion is such,
I dread to say too little, or too much. [*going.*
Arm. Oh stay; *Qui.* I cannot; must not.
Arm. Must I then leave you thus? Oh! if I must,
First see th' affliction of my Soul, see now a separation
More cruel, more a Death
Than that between the Body and the Soul:
They part to meet again, to be more bless'd;
But I to be divorc'd from Joy for ever.
Let me be Mad, ye Powers, or let me Die!
Oh Heavens! Oh Princess, Judge what I endure,
When Death or Madness must bestow the Cure. [*going.*

Enter Ruidias, Armusia, *is going off. They justle one another at the Door accidentally.*

Rui. Ha! who is this?
Arm. Who art thou?
Rui. My Rival with the Princess! and so private.
Arm. Ha! 'Tis *Ruidias*,
My happy Rival,
But hold out, Patience, yet!
Rui. Is there not door enough, you take such elbow room?
Arm. What I take I'll carry.

Rui. Con-

Rui. Confuſion! Know proud Man, I love the Princeſs, ſhe harkens to my ſuit,
And tho' in *Portugal* you claim precedence,
I'll have it here; here I command the Fort,
And that commands the Town. Be wiſe, deſiſt,
Or with my Sword——
Arm. You wou'd not uſe it here?
Qui. Oh hold!——*Ruidias*, you I may command,
Forbear, and as you prize my Love, reſpect him.
Rui. Is then his Life ſo dear to you? I'm loſt.
Had I your leave to wait on you, and for this?
Oh I've not Patience. Muſt I be outdone?
Out brav'd, out rival'd? Muſt that Stranger get
At once the ſtart in Glory and in Love,
And tread me like a name in ſand, to nothing?
Death and Hell! ſhall I bear it? tamely bear it?
No, e're I do, I'll give or take a Life.
Qui. Brave Stranger, by your Love I charge you,
Retire, and entertain no thoughts of Vengeance.
Arm. O my Patience!
Qui. 'Tis with you ſtill: Oh do not chide it from you.
Arm. Weak fleſh rebels, but you and Vertue Conquer.
I go, but judge, Oh judge! ye tender hearts,
What Pangs, what Racks the wretched Lover tear
Who to his Rival leaves the darling fair [*Exit Armuſia.*
Qui. Great Soul, I am aſham'd I cannot Love him yet. [*aſide.*
Now, you, whoſe Jealous Rage is ſo preſumptuous,
Know, I reſent it and your diſreſpect,
Your Love ſtands yet upon my Courteſie:
'Tis true, I've ſuffer'd you to tell your Paſſion,
But I ne're promis'd you a kind return;
And if you dare abuſe your privilege——
Rui. *Armuſia* here, and ſtealing out, when I
Had hopes to be in private entertain'd!
What Lover cou'd have tamely born the ſight?
Qui. Know what I am? how durſt you doubt my honour?
I never taught you to diſpoſe my Freedom;
And had I promis'd you my heart, 'twere a leſs Crime
In me to change then in you to ſuſpect me;
The firſt's but frailty, but the laſt ill Nature.
Is this your Faith? True Love is more reſpectful.
Armuſia wou'd not paſs ſo rash a Cenſure;
And I ſhou'd puniſh thee; I'll ſtrive to do't.
'Tis ſtill the Lot of groundleſs Jealouſie
To bring on what it fears.

Vows, Duty, Gratitude concur to exclude thee,
Yet should I slight thee, should I chuse thy Rival,
Blame most thy self, and learn how dangerous 'tis
To let a Woman, spight of Wisdom's Laws,
See that you're Jealous, tho' without a Cause. [Exit Qui.
Rui. She's gone! what shall I do? Oh that *Armusia*
Hangs betwixt hopes and me, and threats my Ruin:
He has her Vows, fresh Services, the King,
And a vast stock of merit on his side:
I have but naked Love, and wav'ring too, I fear.
The Sword then in my hand, I now must try,
To fix my Fortune, and o'recome or die.
When Conquest can't by formal means be got,
A brave Despair may cut the Gordian knot.

ACT IV.

The Scene draws and discovers Armusia *lying on a bank in a Grove of Orange-Trees.* Emanuel *by him*

This Dialogue is sung to him by a Clown and his Wife. Set by Mr. Leveridge, *and Sung by him and Mr.* Pate

Wife. HOld *John*, e're you leave me, i'troth I will know
Whether so smugg'd up thus early you go?
With clean Hands and Face,
Your best Band with a Lace,
Your Sunday Apparel when you shou'd go Plough,
So trim none wou'd think you a Married Man now.
Hold, *John*, e're you leave me, i'troth I will know
Whether so smugg'd up thus early you go?
Man. Go, *Joan*, I won't tell you: To lead a sweet Life
I've learnt of my Betters to steal from my Wife.
Mayhaps with my Neighbour I'll dust it away,
Mayhaps play at Put, or some other such Play.
Wife. I guess at what game you'd be playing to Day.
Man. Don't plague me. The Devil's in Women I think.
Go, *Joan*, I tell thee I'm going to drink?
Come, prithee, don't think that I've got no more Grace:
Nay go, or I'll gi' thee a Dowse in the Face.
Wife. I'll find then some body to strike in your Place.

Why

Why should you deny me? I never did you. (*Weeping.*
Because I an't new, you won't give me my due,
But Troth if you wo'not another shall do.

Man. If thus you e're do,
Oh! how I'll belabour your Booby and you. (*Threatning.*

Wife. If thus you e're do,
Oh! how I'll belabour your Trollop and you.

Both. Oh how I'll belabour { your Booby } and you,
{ your Trollop } and you, and you.

Wife. Well, *John*, do not go, (*Wheadling and crying.*
And I wo'not do so,
Do not go, my dear *Johny*,
My Precious, my Hony. (*She kisses him.*
Oh pray do not go,
And I wo'not do so.

Man. Adsooks by that Buss I'm inveigled to stay,
Come, *Joan*, come and spoil me from going astray.

CHORUS.

Wife *Come give me your best Hand.*
Man *Here take my best Hand.*
Both *Now, give me thy Hand.*
Man *Thus 'tis with you Women.*
Wife *Thus 'tis with you Men.*
Both *When e're you fall out 'tis to fall in again.* [*Ex. Clown with his Wife.*

Arm. In vain with Mirth you wou'd beguile my Cares.
Alas! I'm dead to Joy, and but a walking Trouble,
Insensible to all but Love and Grief,
To all but Grief, for Grief and Love are one.
Why wou'd my Rival kill me? If he hates me
Sure he should bid me live!——Let's range the Grove,
Perhaps I soon shall meet him, or my Princess.
Both can deal Death; yet I, like other Wretches,
Tho' that's my only Ease, must struggle with my Fate. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Governor and Quisara.

Go. I wou'd talk further with you from the Gods.
You are a Princess of that Excellence,——
Nay do not blush, I do not flatter you.
The Gods bestow'd this on you.

Qui. I own their Bounty.

Go. Apply it then to their Use, to their Honour,
To ruine or convert those Misbelievers,
Those Portuguese; Invite 'em to our Temples——

Qui. Father we may sit yonder, and be still more private. [*Exit Qui. and Go.*

Enter

Enter Ruidias *and* Pinitro.

Rui. What, did *Armusia* then return the Challenge
You carried him? Will, he not meet me?

Pin. He calmly told me, that he disapproves
All formal Duels, yet that with a Sword
He ev'ry Day is walking in his Grove.

Rui. Then let us strive to find him out——But see he comes.
Now Love, Revenge, and Fortune guide my Arm.

Enter Armusia, *with* Emanuel.

Draw *Armusia*!

Rui. and *Pin.* draw.

Dye or resign the Princess.

Arm. I will do neither. *Armusia.* and *Emanuel Draw.*
But hold, why must our Friends now share our Danger?

Rui. Stand still, I charge ye, as you honour me.

Arm. And, good *Emanuel*, hold——

Pin. 'Tis well you spoke——

Rui. Fight home, I will not spare you, *[They fight with Sword*
Nor do I look for Mercy. *and Dagger.*

Enter Quisara, *and* Governor.

Qui. Ha! Fighting! hold! Oh hold, rash Men! Oh part 'em!

Go. Let 'em alone, let 'em kill one another.

Qui. Ruidias, hold.

Rui. Unless he dies, I'm hopeless.

Qui. If e're you lov'd, I charge you cease! Oh! Father.

Rui. My Love were small, should I desist.

Go. Oh let both fall, kind Fortune. *[Ruidias falls.*

Pin. Ruidias down!

Em. Stand still, or my Sword's in——

Qui. Oh hold *Armusia.*

Rui. I can expect no Mercy. Why do you not kill me then?

Arm. A Boy might do as much at this Advantage.
Will you not ask your Life?

Rui. 'Tis not worth my asking.

Arm. Nor is it worth my taking in this Posture.

Qui. Spare him *Armusia*, spare him.

Arm. My Love is all Obedience. Rise Sir, and take your Sword again.

Rui. Not against him that spar'd me! Oh curse Fortune.

Go. What have you done? 'Twere better they had all perish'd.

Qui. Father, be pacify'd; I'm working for the best——
This Jealous Rage, and Disobedience cure me—— *Aside.*
Armusia meet me in the Neighbouring Temple.

Arm. Madam, I shall—— *[Exit. Qui. Go.*
Come brave *Ruidias*, let us now be Friends;
Believe your Honour safe.

Rui. Oh

Rui. Oh you have beat me both ways, and so nobly,
That I must ever love the hand that did it.
But Oh the Princess. Both cannot possess her.
Pin. You cannot, Sir, unless She break her Vow.
Come leave these Toys, and wed your Mistress, Fame.
Arm. Oh Sir, you ask too too much of a Lover.
Ev'n I my self had rather leave the World, than quit so fair a Prize.
Rui. And you alone deserve her. Yet *Armusia*,
I cannot yet resign her, tho' I must.
The heat of Love remains, tho' the Soul hope is fled.
Arm. Yet let's be Friends. Why shou'd we hate each other
For Sympathy in Love?
Rui. Too gen'rous Man, I cannot call your Rival,
Let me embrace you; Let all hatred end.
Oh thus I'm blest——What e're the Fates intend,
I cannot lose, possest of such a Friend. } *Exeunt.*

SCENE the Temple

Enter Governor still Disguis'd, and Bramin.

Go. I need not now repeat what we've to dread
From these bold mis-believing Portuguese.
Therefore to ruine them, all means are just.
Thus I've decoy'd the Princess to invite
Her promis'd Husband hither, where, no doubt,
He will Blaspheme our Gods.
The King will in Disguise hear their Discourse.
You know your Time t'appear and back my words.
Bra. You need not doubt us in so good a Cause. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Armusia, *and* Quisara, *meeting*

Arm. See, Madam, at your Feet your faithful Slave
Who studies new humility to please you,
And takes a kind of Joy in his Afflictions, because they come from you.
Kneels to Quisara.

Qui. Oh rise, Sir, I did not invite you hither
Thus to prophane our Altars, but to ask
A better Proof of Love than so misplac'd a Worship;
A Proof which, since I've sworn, since you persist,
Must make me yours, at least, my grateful Duty.
Few Brides, alas! at first have more to give.
Arm. Oh name it, Madam, what wou'd I not do,
Tho' but to gain you thus: Love, greedy Love,
That still unsatisfy'd, still murm'ring Passion
Will pine, but since 'tis often but Esteem
And gratitude improv'd, 'twill shoot at last
Forc'd by a Zeal like mine. Oh then command me.

Enter

Enter King and Governour both disguis'd.

Go. Now harken, Sir, and as he treats our Gods
So use him, or expect severest Judgment.

Qui. Change your Religion, and adore our Gods.

Arm. Ha! *Qui.* Renounce your Faith.

Arm. Heav'n forbid! *Qui.* Offer as we do?

Arm. To Wood and Stones, vile Beasts, and cursed Devils?
Is this the Proof you ask?

Go. O Blasphemy! *King.* Peace.

Qui. I'll Reason with you. Are not our Gods as great as yours?

Arm. They are senseless, wretched, and the worst of Creatures,
Unfit to help themselves, much less Mankind.

Qui. The Sun and Moon we worship, they are heavenly.

Arm. But I the Maker of that Sun and Moon,
Who gave 'em Motion, influence, and Light.
Excuse me, Princess, if my Zeal for Truth
Exhort a generous Freedom of my Tongue.
You shou'd have said, instructed the King and me
In that blest Doctrine that guides Souls to Heaven.
Oh may you follow that, destroy your Idols,
Beat down their Altars, ruine their false Temples——

Go. Oh horror! My Prophecy was true.

King. I'm sorry I came hither——I've heard too much. [*Exit King and Go.*

Qui. Thus far in Charity I was oblig'd
To rectifie the Errors of your Thought,
Nor can the blame be mine to want success,
'Twas by these Gods that I was sworn to wed you
These upon Blasphemers: You have renounc'd their Power
And thereby free me from all obligation.

Arm. You are too just to make this slight Evasion.

Qui. You shall both find me just, sincere and plain;
Therefore resolve to quit your Faith on me.

Arm. My Life is yours, but my Religion Heavens,
And I no more can change it than my Love.

Qui. You hear your task.

Arm. Oh! Princess, cease t'injoyn what heav'n forbids.
Name any Task that Honour may not bluth
To execute, Toyls, Dangers, Death it self,
But do not, do not tempt me to be bad.

Qui. Obey, and instantly; or from this hour
No Recantation shall prevail.

Arm. Call you this Charity?

Qui. Nay then——

Arm. You must not go.
What have I done, to merit this hard Sentence?
To have my very Soul rack'd, forc'd to quit
My Heav'n above, or Paradice on Earth!

How

How well I Love, how much I prize your Charms
My Life muſt ſhow, but Honour Conſcience, Heaven
I never muſt forego. Muſt I then loſe you or my ſelf?
Can you perſiſt? Muſt I be torn from you? I muſt——
Yet once more let me gaze——O now I cannot go.
Dreadful Strife! Cruel Struggle.
I muſt not look, nor leave her!

Qui. Farewel. *Going, he holds her.*

Arm. Stay, ſtay, dear Miſchief!——But what am I doing?
Ha!——Now I dread my Thoughts——Aſſiſt, ye Pow'rs!
Awake my Soul! Oh look no more my Eyes.
Huſh! Treacherous Love!
Since Heart, or Soul muſt periſh on this Sea,
Sink thou, my Heart, to ſave the immortal Treaſure.
Quit thy rich Claim, tho' while I ſo reſign,
No Martyrdom ſure ever equel'd mine.
Away, away! Oh! If I look I dye *(He looks on her then turns from her ſuddenly.*
There's no way left, to conquer, but to fly. *[Going.*

Qui. Heroic Soul! Stay! This confirms me yours.
In quitting, you have gain'd me. I reſolv'd
To make the utmoſt Trya' of your Faith,
And in your Faith of you. I've long in private
Weigh'd your Belief. I find by you 'tis Heavenly:
You've prov'd the practice; and 'tis a bleſt Viſion
Beſpoke my Change, no fickleneſs of Mind.
Whom ſhou'd I love indeed, but him I have ſworn to wed,
Who freed my Brother, and retrives my Soul!
Heav'n, Reaſon, Duty, Gratitude, and Love decree it,
Your Faith, and you for ever, now are mine.

Arm. Amazment! Raviſhment! am I awake!
And are you mine! I will, I muſt believe it.
O happy Change! O unexpected Bliſs.
Look down, ye Sacred Choirs, and ſhare my Joys.
While thus I pay my Thanks. *(Kneels and kiſſes her hand.*

Enter King, Governor and Guards.

King. Nay, ſtart not, take my Confirmation too.
I promis'd you to let *Quiſara's* Hand
Be joyn'd with yours, and here I ratifie it. *(The King joyns their Hands.*

Go. Ha! Did I plot for this!

Arm. Oh! Thought is drown'd in Joy. How ſhall I ſpeak my Thanks!

King. Hold, as the Gods have ſeen me juſt to you,
To their own Altars they muſt ſee me juſt.
Guards, ſeize your Priſoner——

Go. That's well retriev'd! be ſure you bind him faſt.

Arm. Is this your Gratitude?

Qui. Bind your Restorer, Sir?
King. Oh Sister, with Reluctance I'm severe.
Had he offended me, I had forgiven,
But to our Gods the injury is done,
Blasphem'd, Revil'd: Yet still he may be yours,
He must appease our Gods by humble Worship,
Or fall a Sacrifice where he Blasphem'd 'em;
And sure to save his Life, and gain you, he'll submit.
Arm. To serve my Princess, to secure my Joys,
I'd rush thro' Seas, thro' Fires, I'd smile at danger,
I wou'd do any thing, but injure Heaven,
And to serve Idols were the greatest wrong.
King. What means my Friend? Sure you'll not lose your self?
Oh quick, recant, submit, appease our Gods
And those more angry Men that awe me, and the People.
Go. He instantly must own our Gods, or Die.
Arm. What, use my Breath t' abjure the Pow'r that gave it,
Renounce th' Almighty Being! Worship Hell!
No more; bring me to Torments, Racks, and Fires;
I'll offer there my self: But when I quit my Faith,
And grow unworthy thus of her and mercy,
Let me dread ev'ry Curse that guilt deserves,
Want, Shame, Diseases, and what's worse, her hate,
Despair on Earth, and worse Despair below.
Go. Mildness but hardens him. Our *Brahmins* here demand him
This Temple has its Prison; there they best
Will work the wish'd for Change.
King. You're wise and holy:
Act for the best, but still respect my Friend.
Go. Fear not. Death's no misusage of a Rival. [*Aside.*
Qui. Oh, Sir, do not resign him to his Foes.
Rather exert your Pow'r. O save him, save your Friend.
I know he'll ne'er abjure his Faith.
Go. Then he must Die.
Qui. He shall not Die! Oh! Sir, why turn you from me?
See, on her knees, your Sister begs his Life;
With Tears she begs it, save the Man that freed you,
Him I must wed, and wed by your command.
Must I bring on his Death? O spare him! Father, holy Men,
Joyn, joyn with me: True Piety is mild.
Oh whether wou'd you lead him! Stay! Stay! Take me too.
I'll not out live his Loss. No, I'll now save his Life,
Or lose my own. Our Love and Faith are one:
Our Fates must be the same. *King* How's this, *Quiteria!*
Bra. She raves.
Qui. No, thou false Man, like him I serve a Pow'r

That

That gives me ſtrength to Scorn your curſed Idols.
King. Ha! own his Faith.
Qui. No, I do! Oh ſpare him! ſpare your Siſter!
King. O fatal ſound.
Go. Take him away, he hardens her in Error. [*Exit* Arm. *guarded.*
Arm. Oh Princeſs!
Qui. O Sir, will you then let him go? Call, call him back!
King. O Siſter! have a care, loſe not your ſelf; he will recant.
Qui. O never, Sir; ev'n I wou'd not to ſave him.
Then ſave us both. Nay, do not, do not fly me.
My hops are all in you. Oh! hear me, hear me!
Let not blind Zeal prevail! ſave your own honour,
Can you reſign us to be Butcher'd, Mangled,
Our Limbs torn, and abandon'd to vile wretches?
Your deareſt Friend, your Siſter! Sure you cannot!
Our hearts are near akin, and mine wou'd bleed
To ſee you thus diſtreſs'd. Thus I bore your Affliction.
King. Oh I ſhall loſe the Monarch in the Friend.
Riſe, riſe, *Quiſara.* *Qui.* Oh Sir!
King. Siſter! *Qui.* Brother! Friend!
King. Let Crowns be loſt, and let me ſave my Siſter and my Friend.
Thus in my Arms, thus let me ever guard 'em.
Go. Ha! all goes ill. Run, Call the *Bramins* hither. (*To the* Bramin.
Hope not to ſave 'em, tho' you loſe your Crown. (*Exit.* Bra. and *re-*
No, King, the Gods can puniſh them and you. *enter preſently*
Nay, if you pauſe, I've Judgments to denounce *with the Choir.*
From angry Heaven. The Sacred Choir attends;
Leave her to us, we'll only fright and preach her from her Errors——
Or put it paſt your Power to ſave her or my Rival. [*Aſide.*
Qui. Oh, King, do you then yield me up! Hold wretches;
Touch not my hand. I'll freely go to Dungeons,
Nay, Death it ſelf, for ſuch a noble Cauſe:
Tho' Earth forſakes us, Heaven will mend our Fates,
And pour ſevereſt Vengeance on your heads.
Yes, cruel Men, then tremble, fear its anger.
Dread, dread its fierce Revenge! our blood will claim it.
But hold! we ought to love our very Foes.
Then bleſs theſe Men: thou power of Mercy, ſpare 'em.
May they, like me, their Idol Gods deſpiſe.
And dare to fall, more glorioufly to riſe. (*Exit* Qui. *with Guards*
King. I fear you'll not not prevail. Oh urge not then *and* Bramins.
The Vengeance of the Gods too far: for if you do——
Bra. To clear your doubts we'll move the angry Powers
By ſolemn Incantation.

An Incantation ſet by Mr. *D. Purcell.*

"HEar thou by whom the rattling Thunder's hurl!
Hear, Parent Sun, bright Eye, and Monarch of the (World.

Mr. *Bowen.* *A Bramin.*

Hear, gentle Moon, pale Queen of Night,
And ye refulgent Orbs of Light,
Great Court of Heaven ſo ample and ſo high,
And all ye ſwarming Commons of the Sky.

CHORUS.

O Skies! O Sea! O Earth! on all Your Pow'rs call.
E're the Blaſphemers fall,
Oh hear our ſolemn call.

Mr. *Freeman.* *Another Bramin.*

Hear, ye friendly earthly Powers,
Gods of kindly Fruits and Flowers,
Who, unſeen, delight to trip
Where Birds flutter, hop, and skip,
Where there warble, chirp and coo,
Where in Whiſpers Zephirs woo,
Where poor Eccho ſweetly grieves,
And remurmurs thro' the Leaves.

Mr. *Pate.* *Another Bramin.*

Rouſe, ye Gods of the main!
Take Vengeance on thoſe who your Altars prophane.
Huſh no more the loud Storms! Command them to blow,
Till foaming with Rage the Waves roar as they flow,
" While they heave and they ſwell,
" Toſs the Slaves to the Skies, and then plunge 'em to Hell.

Infernal Pow'rs, grim ſullen ſprights
Who fill our Souls with dire affrights!
By all the diſmal yell,
And horrors of your hell,
Your dreadful Pleaſure tell.

End

End with the Verſe, *Here ye Gods of the Main*, &c.

Gov. The Gods are ſullen, and diſpleaſed. But ſee
The Ancient Seer, who oft declares their will.
Advance, wiſe *Bramin*, while by Pow'r of ſound,
We Prompt ſome God, by Thee, to inform a Doubting Monarch.

An Old *Bramin*, comes forwards and *Sings*.

The Enthuſiaſtic SONG.

Set, Sung, and Acted, by Mr. Leveridge.

OH Ceaſe, ceaſe urge no more the God to ſwell my Breaſt!
The Manſion dreads the greater Gueſt.
But lo! he comes! I ſhake! I feel, I feel his Sway,
And now he hurries me along.
Then, Crouds, believe, and, Kings, Obey,
'Tis Herv'n inſpires the Song.

Haſte! to the Gods due Vengeance give.
Hark! From their Seats they cry,
Who lets Blaſphemers live,
Shall by Blaſphemers die.
Haſte, haſte, due Vengeance give.
" Let the Sound
" Eccho all around.
Haſte, haſte, due Vengeance give.
Beware! Ten thouſand, thouſand threatning Ills I ſee!
Invaſions! Wars! Plagues! Ruin! Endleſs Woes!
Ah wretched Iſle, I weep for Thee,
Save, ſave thy ſelf, Reſign the God's Blaſpheming (Foes.
Now, now the Thunder roars.
The Earth now groans and quakes,
The riſing Main a Deluge pours.
The World's Fountain ſhakes.
Hell gapes? The Fiends appear!
Oh hold, ye angry Pow'rs, relent, or we diſpair.
See, we fulfill
On your Foes your dreadful Will.
See the Throng
Hoot 'em, as they're dragg'd along.

Now

Now they tear 'em now they dye;
All applaud, and ſhout for Joy.
Peace returns, all Nature ſmiles,
Happy days now bleſs our Iſles,
Now we laugh with Plenty crown'd,
Merry Sports and Love go round. ——

"The Viſion's o'er! —— The God deſerts my Breſt.
"Huſh! gently bear me hence to reſt. [*He is led off.*

Go. Now, Sir, you've heard the Gods confirm their Doom.
King. They yet may Change.
Go. It muſt be quickly then.
King. I'll try to win 'em. ——
Go. Leave us to do that.
We dare not truſt your Nature with the Parly.
King. Delay a while.
Go. Take heed! Dread, dread the Gods, if you defer their Doom.
King. Am I a King, and muſt they Die! my Siſter, my Reſtorer!
Oh Death is in the Thought! Firſt let it reach me.
Let Vengeance rage, and ſweep me from the World, ——
But Oh this will not ſave 'em. I muſt yield.
But judge my Grief, all great, all gen'rous Hearts!
Why do we boaſt of Pow'r? A Crown's a Pageant?
Kings are but glorious Slaves, controll'd by Odds,
The Prieſts, the People, and the greater Gods.
When Theſe are touch'd, 'Tis they the Scepter Weild;
And Kings, thoſe petty Subſtitutes, muſt yield.
Empire's a ſtinted Grant, a Taſte of Pow'r,
And we but Rule to feel Reſtraint the more.
Gods, do us right: 'Tis juſt we be withſtood,
When doing Ill, but not when doing Good.

Exeunt.

ACT.

ACT V.

The Curtain ſlowly riſes to mournful Muſick, and diſcovers a Priſon, Quiſara *lying on the Floor, all in White, reading by the Light of a Lamp; her Women in Black, ſome Standing, others Kneeling by her, and Weeping: The Bell Tolls ſometime before ſhe ſpeaks.*

Quiſara. HOW bleſt is Piety! It cheers my Soul,
E'v'n here, where I'm preparing for my Fate,
Of all but you forſaken! ——— Do not Weep;
You break my Peace of Mind, ——— Nay, then I beg,
I muſt not now Command, retire a while ——— [*Ex. Women.*
Grief is Infectious, ——— Now I think on them,
On my Diſtreſs, and poor *Armuſia*, Doom'd
For me to fall, I Weep, ——— [*The Bell Tolls again.*
Hark! the Bell tolls again! Our fatal Hour is come.

Enter Armuſia *in Chains.*

Arm. Oh my rack'd Soul! How ſhall I ſtand this Sight,
The ſtrongeſt Tryal they cou'd put to me! Oh!
Qui. Ha! Whence that Groan?
Arm. Oh Princeſs!
Qui. Oh *Armuſia!*
Arm. How ſhall I dare t'approach that Suff'ring Vertue!
And yet I muſt. Thus then, now let me crawl,
And in this Agony breath out a Soul
Rack'd with unutterable Love and Woe.
Qui. Oh 'tis too much, thou beſt, thou only Lover,
Thou Lover of my Soul. I only grieve for thee.
Arm. And ſhall I not Grieve for you, betray'd for me to Death?
Not Grieve to ſee you here! Oh! Hopes of Heav'n,
'Tis only you can buoy up ſinking Virtue
When ſuch a Tryal comes. Let Pagan Fiends
On Racks Diſtend me, Burn me, Tear my Limbs,
I'll Smile, ſo you be ſafe. They cannot hurt me;
But when they Pain you, then my Heart they'll Tear.
Oh! at the Thought I ſhake, I bleed, I rave, and I diſpair,
Qui. I Glory in my Fate; then claim thy Mind,
Dear Man; I've only Tears to pay thy Worth,

But

But we shall meet in Heav'n at better Nuptials,
There no bad Men shall interrupt our Joys.
Arm. Oh now you've rais'd my Soul from one Extream to t'other.
I dare Rejoyce ev'n here.

Enter Officer.

Officr. I'm bid to tell you, You must now attend
T' appease our Gods, or Die. 'Tis the last Summons.
Qui. We come.
Arm. To Die.
Qui. To Triumph.
Arm. Yes, my Bride.
But, sure I first may claim a Chaste Endearment
Due to a Bridegroom, and a Dying Friend.
Yes, blushing Saint, and thus I seize the Blessing, —— [*Kisses her,*
My Soul is no the Wing to mix with thine!
Another Kiss, anp they'd for ever joyn.
Oh! since below we taste such sweets in Love
How great, how vast must be our Joys above! [*Exeunt*

SCENE the Temple.

Enter King, Bramin, *and Governor.*

King. Oh! ye delay your Pious Cruelty.
Gov. It makes me Weep to urge their punishment,
But ev'n your Crown's at stake, if 'tis deferr'd.
King. They come. I dread the sight, yet still must try to win 'em.

Solemn Musick] *Enter a Procession of Bramins, as to the Sacrifice,*
Armusia *and* Quisaria *Wreath'd and Bound.*
Guards and Attendants.

King. I force my self to see you thus, to save you.
Sister, *Armusia,* Oh, once more I beg, ——
Save, save your Lives.
Arm. Name not these Toys, when Heav'n's concern'd; For that, Sir,
I cou'd forgo ev'n her, and yet what's Life without her?
Qui. And I shou'd hate him, cou'd he love me more.
Bra. Oh quick, worship our Gods.
Gov. Oh Princess. ——
Arm. No more.
Qui. Away, deluding Men.
Bra. Your Life, ——
Arm. Take it, *Bramin.*
And all the Misery that shall attend it.

Bra. Make

Bra. Make the Fires ready.

Qui. Heav'n gives us Strength to dread 'em not.

King. Yet Stay.
What shall I do to save you, Stubborn Pair?
Look on me like the Criminal I beg,
And Majesty is fled from me, to you.
Why will you Kill me? Or, what's worse than Death,
Afflict me thus? Oh you've no Pangs to dread
More dainful than I suffer. O submit——

Arm. Save your mistaken Pity for your self, Sir.

Bra. They must Die instantly, they'll prevent all else.
You see all's ready, Sir, then pray retire,
Or we must Strike before your Eyes.

King. 'Tis hard ye injur'd Powers! Must I premit your Justice?
Oh Sister——

Qui. Come, Grieve not, Sir! you wound my tender Soul.
Farewel. And may our Deaths instruct you how to Live.

King. Amazing Love, and Fortitude, and Zeal!
And shall I let you Dye!
Such Vertue, sure, deserves a better Fate.

Enter Messenger. [*Guns let off at a distance.*

Mes. Arm, Sir! Seek for Defence. The *Portuguese*
Fire from their Fort, and Ships upon the Town.
Gen'ral *Ruidias* sent t'inform us now
He'll Beat it down, unless *Arminia* be set Free.

King. Hah! Dares he do't? Must In-mates too Controul us?
Ev'n in this Case I must Resent th' Insult;
And, where I Rash, I wou'd Revenge it here.
However bear 'em back to Prison, Guards:
And you demand a Parley. [*Ex. All, except Governor.*

Gov. Curst Event! Had now my Rival Fall'n,
I'd yet found means to save her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *the Town.*

Enter several Townsmen.

1. Bless us what Thundring's here, what Fire-spitting.

2. And how the Guns take the side of a House here, and the side of a House there, and mend them up again with another Ward.

3. I had the Roof of my House taken off with a Chain Shot, and in the twinkling of an Eye another clap't in the place on't.

2. That's a Gun I'll Swear.

1. You think he Lyes now, I ha' seen a Steeple taken off with a Chain Shot, and another put in the place on't, with Twenty Men Ringing the Bells.

3. Pish, what's that! I saw an Old Man's Head set upon a Young Man's Shoulders.——

But, Woe to the Potters, I saw a Hand-Granado in one of their Shops, just now, and the Pots, Pans, Pipkins, and Glasses, at Fisticuffs with it, at such a rate, you'd a sworn a whole Troop of Devils had been at Foot-Ball there.

1. For my part, I'm afraid we shall find our selves Knock'd o'th' Head to Morrow Morning, as soon as we are awake.

Omnes. Like enough.

1. They've rid me of as good a Wife as a Man wou'd desire to part with.—I met a Hand with a Letter in't just now in post haste, and by and by Whiz comes the Leg after it, as if the Hand forgot half its Errand.

3. Ay, I saw the very Man that had lost these Goods, come Hopping upon his t'other Leg that was left, to raise a Hue and Cry after the Bullet that had Robb'd him of half himself.

2. Why d'ye think there's any Law for these Cannon Bullets then?

1. Law! No. Prethee run to a Granado when it comes Piping Hot out of a Morter-piece, and tell't you'll take the Law of him. —— I do but think what Lanes a Chain-shot wou'd make in the Law, and how like an Ass a Judge wou'd sit upon the Bench with his Head shot off.

3. I must confess, to have one's Head shot off, wou'd put any Man out of Countenance.

1. A Friend of mine lost his Head just now, a very honest Fellow, a Taylor, and 'twas no sooner off, but a Lawyer's Head, that no body own'd, dropt out of the Clouds, and settled upon honest *Stiche*'s Shoulders; the Fellow's Ruin'd by't —— for he never spoke a True Word since.

2. What shall we do?

1. Let's to the King in a Body, all and one, and desire him to Compound with the Foe for such Limbs as we want most in our Callings. —— Let me see, thou art a Fencer, thou shalt give thy Legs to secure thy Arms. Thou art a Dancer, thou shalt give thy Head to secure thy Heels.

3. Thou art a Cuckold, thou shalt give thy Horns to secure thy Head.

2. Let's about it instantly, and go to the King.

1. Ay, so he is not where the Bullets fly. If he be, I must desire His Majesty to come to me.

Omn. Agreed, agreed. [*A Gun is let off the first Townsman drops.*

3. What's the matter, now. ——

1. Oh I am Slain; let me be carried off quickly, before I come to my self, for I cannot endure to be Shot to Death, as I am a living Man. *Carried off* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, A Field, or broad Place near the Fort.

Enter on one side, King, Gov. Guards, &c. Ruidias *and the* Portuguese.

King. How dare you offer to prescribe us Laws,
Proud *Portuguese*, and thus abuse the Liberty
My Predecessors gave you to fix here?

Rui. Thrice in my Prince's Name I sent to claim *Armusia*,
And Thrice you by your Priests sent word you scorn'd the Summons.

Gov. That

Gov. That was my work. [*Aside.*

King. Ha! Did they dare do this? Abuſe my Name?

Gov. Nay, then I muſt be quick. Diſpair aſſiſt me. [*Aside.* [*Exit Gov.*

Rui. Once more I claim him as my Prince's Subject.

King. Our Prieſts too claim him from our injur'd Gods,
He's Doom'd by them to Dye, nay, ev'n his Bride my Siſter.

Rui. Curs'd are the Mouths that doom'd 'em! Quickly ſave 'em.
I'll hearken to no Terms till they're deliver'd:
Ev'n you ſhould pray me to do you that Juſtice,
I'll pay the Debt of Honour, which I owe him,
Do you the like, Sir, nor be ſtill Deluded.

King. But, Oh the Prieſts, the People!

Meſ. The People, Sir, beg they may be ſpar'd.
Then leave me, Sir, to take 'em from their Foes.

King. I can no longer what I wiſh oppoſe. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene draws and diſcovers the Priſon. The Governor dragging Quiſara *by the hair with a Dagger at her Breſt.*

Qui. Help, help!

Gov. Be dumb, or this ſhall make you ſo ——— be kind;
I'm not the old Drone you think.

Qui. O why d'you drag me thus? hold.

Gov. I come not here to talk. I ev'n want Time
To ſeek out my curſt Rival, and with This———

Enter Armuſia *in Chains.*

Arm. Ha! Villian!

Gov. Art thou here?

Qui. Oh ſave your ſelf and me, run, call for help.

Gov. Hold, if thou ſtir'ſt, I ſtrike.

Arm. Oh Miſery, Oh horror!

Gov. Stay, I'll eaſe thee,

Qui. Help, Murther, help.

Enter Ruidias *and all the* Portugueſe. *The King with Guards.*

Rui. Ha! Monſter! Seize him—how! The Treach'rous
King. What do I ſee! my cruel Enemy! (Governor!
Rui. Art thou a Prophet?
Gov. Curſt Fortune!
Qui. Bleſt deliverance!
Arm. Surpriſing Change!

Ruidias *ſeizes the* Gov. *by his falſe Beard and Hair, which come off, and diſcover him.*

[*They unbind* Armuſia.

King. How have I been abus'd! ye gen'rous Souls,
You'v half perſwaded me t'embrace your Faith.
You're free. Be happy now. Haſte to the Palace,
Let Sports and Mirth Revive, Feaſts, Revels, Maſques.
Guards, take that Fiend, and e're we puniſh him,
Let the Croud ſee their Prophet.

Gov. Confuſion! Thirſt of Revenge, and Frantic Love (undo me. *Exit* King, Gov. Guards *and the* Portugueſe, *all but* Rui. *and* Arm.

Arm. How ſhall I thank you, Sir?

Rui. I've ſcarce yet paid my Debt, Sir.
Thank your own Virtue and my Death to hopes,
Diſpair has murther'd Love. I ſtill withſtood your Right,
While Honour gave me leave. No more; let's to the King. [*Exit* Ruidias.

Arm. O Princeſs, ſtill I doubt I dream,
I dare not yet truſt Fortune.
Still as I reach my hand She draws back her's,
And ſnatches from me her deriding Favours.

Qui. Oh, truſt my heart, brave Man, that tells me now we're bleſt.

Arm. I muſt be ſo, 'twere now a Sin to doubt it.
Yes, Pleaſure comes too ſtrong not to be real.
I want a name to call this Bleſſing by.
Oh Fortune, like her Sex, is wiſely coy,
And deals us Sorrow but to raiſe our Joy. [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE *changes to a Palace.*

Enter King, Courtiers, Rui. Pin. Portugueſe, Guards, *&c.*

King. Come all, and ſhare my Joys, Peace Reigns, the People pleaſed,
I've puniſh'd my worſt Foe, and ſav'd the beſt of Friends.
Let Muſic now reſound. Begin the Sports
To entertain our Court, while I and They,
Too full of our new Joys to reliſh others,
Look back with pleaſing Horror on paſt dangers.

Enter Armuſia *and* Quiſara.

Arm. Oh! Sir! accept my ſilent gratitude, words were not made to ſpeak (a Joy like mine.
I cannot ſpeak my Thanks.

King. Riſe, you're excus'd from words,
You muſt have time to claim the ſtormy Bliſs.
Then leave a while this bright Aſſembly here
To Mirth and ſoft delights.
We'll eaſe with Talk our Pangs of Joy within.
Now ſpight of Subtle Foes all Danger's paſt,
And Heav'n on Virtue ſhowrs Rewards at laſt. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the laſt ACT.

The Four Seasons of Love in every Age. A Musical Interlude.
Set to Musick by Mr. Jeremy Clarke.

This Entertainment is perform'd at the End of the last Act, but was design'd for another Season, and another Occasion: And what is mark'd thus (") is omitted.

THE Overture is a Symphony, lofty, yet gay: At the latter part, it changes to a flat adagio; to which mournful Movement

Mr. *Leveridge.* *The Genius of the Stage appears in a melancholic Posture, with Attendants.*

Genius. " Mourn, drooping Seat of Pleasures, Mourn.
" Mourn, what all others bless, the Summer's warm Return.

Chorus. " *Mourn, drooping Seat of Pleasures, Mourn!*
" Thy darling Guests, thy fair, thy best Supports,
" For rival Fields forsake our lovely Sports:
" We grieve alone, while Birds and Shepherds Sing,
" Alas, we bear a Winter in the Spring.

Chorus. " Mourn, drooping Seat of Pleasures, Mourn!

Mr. *Freeman.* *While a gay March is perform'd* Apollo *appears.*

Apollo. Rouse, rouse, ye tuneful Sons of Art!
The Soul of Numbers and of Days,
Infusing Life in ev'ry Part,
Appears your fainting hopes to raise.
" Advance in Crouds, soft Pleasures, sprightly Joys,
" Tune ev'ry Lyre, raise ev'ry Voice.
" Advance, soft Pleasures' sprightly Joys.
" While your * *Amphion* plai'd, and Sung, * Mr. *Henry Purcel.*
" Your *Thebes* in decent Order sprung.
" Let harmony be thus employ'd,
" To raise what Discord has destroy'd;
" And Musick, that ev'n Trees can move,
" Shall draw the Fair from ev'ry Grove.

Revive, ev'ry Pleasure, and die, ev'ry Care!
Ye Ages of Life, and ye Seasons appear!
Show now, that, as Love in all Ages can warm,
So Harmony here in all Seasons can charm.

The Chorus repeat from.

Revive, ev'ry Pleasure, and die ev'ry Care! *&c.*

While

While the Chorus repeat that verse, the Scene changes, and discovers the four Seasons, on four several Stages. The Genius and some of his Attendants withdraw.

Miss. *Campion.* *Enter a Girl of Thirteen or Fourteen Years old.*

Girl. Must I a Girl for ever be!
Will n'er my Mother marry me!
They tell me I'm Pretty,
They tell me I'm Witty:
But when I would Marry,
She cry's, I must tarry,
Must I a Girl for ever be!
Will ne'er my Mother marry me!

Mr. *Magne's Boy.* *Enter a Youth.*

Youth. Oh! Miss! The Spring is come again.
The pretty Birds sing, bill, and cooe.
All dance in Couples on the Green:
'Tis time we shou'd be doing too.
My Dear, let's Marry; then will you and I,
As Man and Wife together lye.

Girl. Peace, naughty Thing! I heard one say
That Marriage is no Children's Play.
Think you to have me for a Song?
Besides, they tell me I'm too young:
Boy. No, now to wed betimes is common:
When e'er you marry, you're a Woman.
Come, I must have you, quickly too.
Girl. Fy, why d'you make so much ado?
Boy. Fy, I'm asham'd! Fy, what d'you do? (*he kisses her.*
Both repeat their last Line together.
Boy. Be quiet, or I'll call my Mother.
Girl. Nay, prethee, let me take another.
Both repeat their last line together.
Boy. Another Kiss, and then——
Girl. What then?
Boy. Another, and another.
Come, never fear, you'll quickly know,
Tho' I am little, soon I'll grow.
Girl. Oh, no, no, no. Oh, no, no, no.
Boy. Oh let us go. You'll find it so.
They repeat their last Line together for a Chorus.

The

The Dance of Spring here.

Enter two young Laſſes with Baskets of Flowers, and Noſegays in their hands. They Dance.

Enter to them two young Sparks, the Laſſes dancing, offer 'em Noſegays, curtiſying, and ſmiling. The Sparks make love to 'em.

Mrs. *Lindſey.* *Enter a Country Laſs with a Rake, as at Hay-making.*

1.

" Oh Why thus alone muſt I paſs the long day!
" Were a Gentleman by, 'twere ſweet to make hay,
" And on the Graſs coupled and jig it away.!
" I'll then go ſell all, ev'n my Rake and my Pail,
" To buy me a high Topping, and hugeous long Tail.
" Your Powder'd wild Bores will then all come to woo,
" I'll learn how to flant it, and quickly come to,
" And ſerve a Town Husband, as other Wives do.

2.

" I hate a dull Clown who knows hardly what's what,
" Who ſhruggling and grinning ſtands twirling his Hat,
" Nor dares tell a Body what he wou'd be at.
" With Smoke and worſe Liquor he Sots and he Feaſts,
" And inſtead of his Miſtreſs he fondles his Beaſts.
" With his hands in his Pockets he whiſtling goes by,
" Or by me on a Hay-cock he ſnoring does lie,
" When the Booby much better himſelf might employ,

Mr. *Leveridge.* *Enter a Towns-ſpark.*

Gent. 'Tis ſultry Wheather, pretty Maid,
Come, let's retire to yonder ſhade. *(She ſtands baſhfully hiding her Face.*

Pray, why ſo ſhy? Why thus do you ſtand?
Sure 'Tis no Crime to touch your hand,
Oh let me take a civil kiſs! *(She Curtſies when he kiſſes her.*

What harm is there in doing this?
Fy, why d'ye cover thus your Breſt? *(She baſhfully puts him off.*
One Favour more, and then I'm bleſt.

Laſs.

Laſs. Oh pray, Sir.
Nay, nay, Sir!
Oh fie, Sir.
Oh why, Sir!
Why do you
Now pull me thus to you?
(*Aſide.*) Oh what ſhall I ſay!
When a Gentleman Suiters 'tis hard to ſay nay ——
I'm e'en out of Breath; Oh, dear! what d'ye do!
Good La! Is it thus that you Gentlefolks woo!
Good, Sir, do not hold me,
Gent. Good Laſs, do not fly.
Laſs. What good can I do you?
Gent. Come yonder, we'll try.
Laſs. No, no; I can't find in my heart to comply.

Enter an African *Lady, with Slaves, who dance with Timbrels. A* Negro *Lord makes Love to her.*

Mr. Pate. *Enter a Luſty Strapping Middle-ag'd Widow all in Mourning. She weeps and blubbers.*

Oh my poor Husband! for ever he's gone!
Alas! I'm undone,
I ſigh, and I moan.
Muſt I theſe cold Nights lie alone!
Alas! I'm undone ——
I did what I liſt:
We kiſt, and we kiſt:
But his Health ſoon he miſt,
And thro' Buſineſs and Care he ceas'd to be gay;
And at laſt, poor Soul! he dwindled away,
We wrangled
And jangled
When in an ill mood,
Yet often, like Pigeons, we bill'd and we coo'd.
'Tis done.
Oh! he's gone
Alack, and alack
I muſt now for ever do Penance in Black.

Enter

Mr. Lovridge. *Enter a drunken Officer, singing, and hiccuping.*

Off. Why, Widow, why Widow! What makes thee Grieve?
Art thou mad?
If one Husband is gone, there are more to be had.
Come, I'll be thy Hony.——Leave keeping a Pother;
One Man like one Nail serves to drive out another.
Wid. How! Talk so to me! What, think you I'd Wed?
'Tis scarce a Month yet since my poor Hony's dead.
Off. A Mounth! 'Tis an Age. You're mad to delay.
Most Widows now chuse e're the Funeral Day.
Wid. No! I'll ne'er do't. Fy, what would People say!
Off. They'll say, you're a Woman. Come, away with this Fan!
See! See!——here's a Shape!——here's a Grace,——here's a Leg!
I'll get thee with Twins, till a hundred and ten (here's a Man,
Wid. You lie,——go, you'll talk at another rate then. (*She pats him in a smiling way.*
Off. Then try me.
Wid. Leave fooling.
Off. I'll do't by this Kiss.
By this, this, and this!
I'll be hang'd if I miss
Oh! should I do this!
'Twill ease you of Pain.
Wid. Go, you're a bad Man!
Off. I'll kill thee with Kindness.
Wid. Ay, do if you can.

A French Country-woman with Grapes and other Fruits comes in, in Woden Shoes, a French Vintage-maker makes Love to her in a Dance.

Laſs. Oh pray, Sir.
Nay, nay, Sir.
Oh fie, Sir.
Oh why, Sir.
Why do you
Now pull me thus to you?
(*Aſide.*) Oh what ſhall I ſay!
When a Gentleman Suiters 'tis hard to ſay nay ——
I'm e'en out of Breath; Oh, dear! what d'ye do!
Good La! Is it thus that you Gentlefolks woo!
Good, Sir, do not hold me,
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Alas! I'm undone,
I ſigh, and I moan.
Muſt I theſe cold Nights lie alone!
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But his Health ſoon he miſt,
And thro' Buſineſs and Care he ceas'd to be gay;
And at laſt, poor Soul! he dwindled away,
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And jangled
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'Tis done.
Oh! he's gone
Alack, and alack
I muſt now for ever do Penance in Black.

Enter

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Art thou mad?
If one Husband is gone, there are more to be had.
Come, I'll be thy Hony!——Leave keeping a Pother,
One Man like one Nail serves to drive out another.

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Most Widows now chuse e're the Funeral Day.

Wi. Not I: I'll ne'er do't. Fy, what would People say?

Off. They'll say, you're a Woman. Come, away with this Fan!
See! See!——here's a Shape!——here's a Grace,——here's a Leg!
I'll get thee with Twins, till a hundred and ten (here's a Man,

Wi. You lie,——go, you'll talk at another rate then. *(She pats him in*

Off. Then try me. *a smiling way.*

Wi. Leave fooling.

Off. I'll do't by this Kiss.
By this, this, and this!
I'll be hang'd if I miss

Wi. Oh! should I do this!

Off. 'Twill ease you of Pain.

Wi. Go, you're a sad Man!

Off. I'll kill thee with Kindness.

Wi. Ay, do if you can.

A French Country-woman with Grapes and other Fruits comes in, in Wooden Shoes, a French Vintage-maker makes Love to her in a Dance.

Mr. Crosfield. } { Miss Campion. }
Mrs. Lindsey. } { The Boy. }

While four or five Bars are perform'd by a thorough Bass, Enter an Old Gentleman, in an Old fashion'd Dress, following a Young Lass, or Girl, and pushing a Youth from her. An Old Woman, in an Old-fashion'd Dress, comes and Thrusts him away from the Young Couple. The Old Woman sings like one without Teeth.

Old Woman. Hold good Mr. *Fumble*, Fy! What do you mean,
To court my Grand-Daughter? She's scarce yet Fifteen.
And you H'uff'e; why stay you? go get you to School.
Your Baby go dandle,—
I'll handle
This doating old Tool.

Old Man. Hold, hold!
Do not scold.
With my Grandson go cooe. *(He points to the Youth.*
You love him I know.
Together go cooe!
"Good Lad, prethee do.
"Tho' he's somewhat bashful, he'll quickly come to.
I'm not yet so old,
I long to be at her, to have and to hold.
I'll wed thee, *(To the Girl.*
I'll bed thee,
I'll rouse thee,
I'll touze thee,
I'll give thee what's better and sweeter than Gold.

Girl. No, no, your, too old.

Old Man. Dear Girl, why so shy?

Girl. Old Man why so bold?

Old Woman. Good Lad, how d'you do?

Boy. Ne'er the better for you.

Old Woman. Hold! Boy! I am brisk yet,
And gayly can frisk it,
I've yet three good Teeth, and a Stump.
And see I can caper and jump; *(Jumps.*

Old Man. Why thus do you shun her? What makes *Curtis Boy.*
you so bold?

Why

Old Woman. Why thus do you kiss him? What makes you so bold? *(To the Girl.*

Boy and Girl. Indeed you're too old.

Old Man. I find 'tis in vain! *(To the Old Woman.*
Come no longer let's strain.
Let the Young take the Young, Let the Old take the Old. *(The Old Man goes and takes the Old Woman by the hand, and she him, hugging one another.*
—We'll hug our selves warm, now the Weather is cold.

All the four repeat the last two Lines as a Chorus.

Enter a Dutch-woman with a Stove warming her self, her Cloaths lin'd with Furs. An Old Miser makes Love to her in a dance.

Enter Cupid, *who sings.*

Come all, come all—— *(Enter the Ages and Seasons.*
" Let soft Desires your Heart engage,
" 'Tis sweet to Love in every Age.
" Ev'ry Season, ev'ry Creature,
" Yields to Love, and courts his Joys.
" None are Truer, none are Sweeter
" Than Discretion guides the Choice.

" Cupid *with the Four Ages, and the Four Seasons mingle in a Dance, while the following Grand Chorus is sung.*

Grand Chorus of all the Voices and Instruments.

Hail, Soul of Desire!
Hail, Guide of the Year!
All Ages you fire.
All Seasons you cheer.
Thus ever conspire,
And reign ev'ry where
" Love blooms in our *Spring*. *The four Parts of Musick answerable to the four Ages of Life and Seasons of the Year, sing each the Line that's suitable to them.*
" In our *Summer* it grows.
" In our *Autumn* 'tis ripe.
" In our *Winter* it glows.

Then all together.

Hail, God of Desire!
Hail, God of the Year!
All Ages you fire.
All Seasons you cheer.
Thus ever conspire.
And reign ev'ry where.

FINIS.

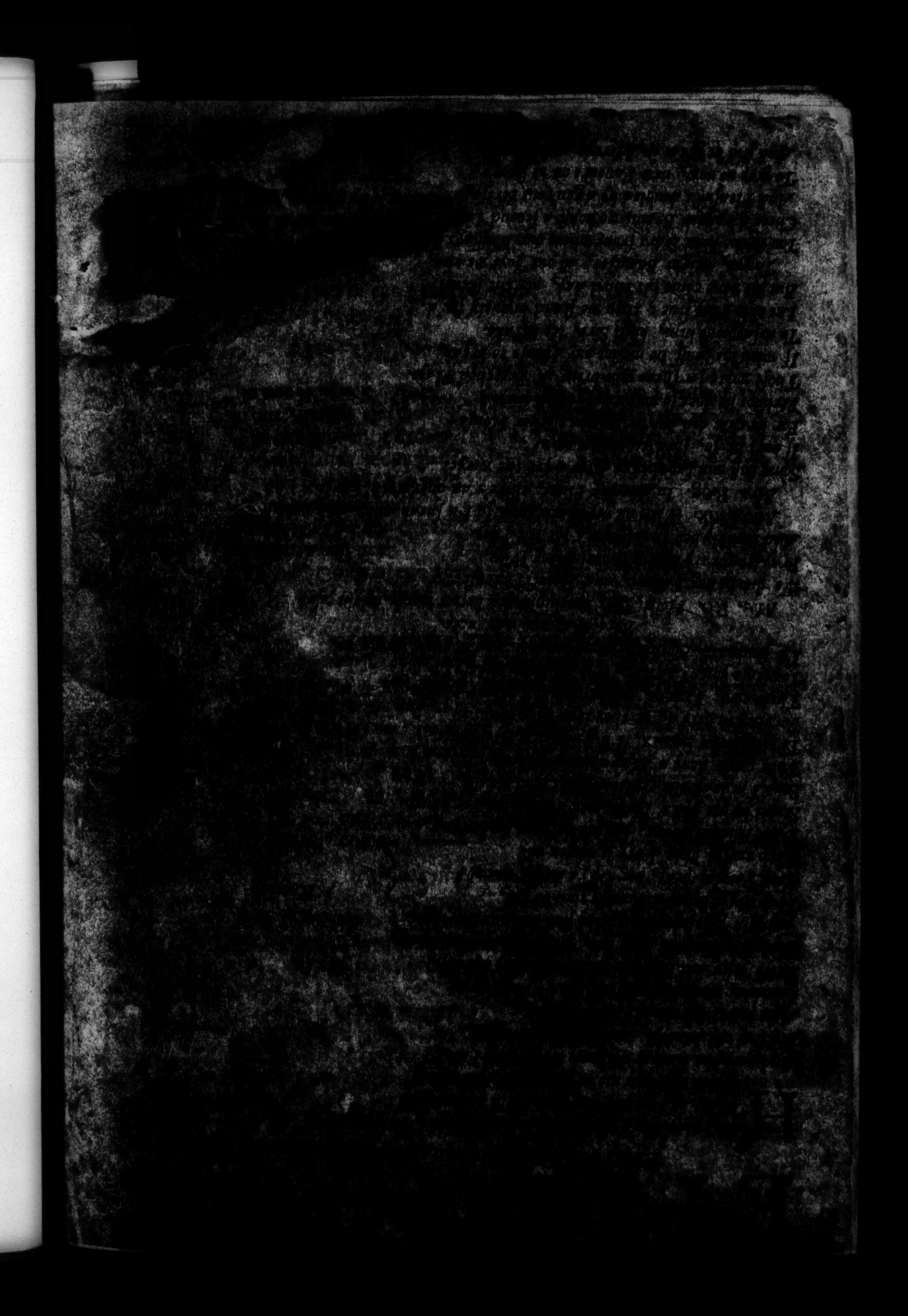
EPILOGUE.

Enter Mrs. Rog. *and* Chorus.

Hold, Sir, a word before you go, I pray.
Well, if I speak, Gods, I will be heard.
Stay, Sir, you must not go, I am your Wife.
And gad you shall not, 'till you hear me speak.
Nay, I've the Priviledge.
Ads-bobs, Sir, I will speak.
Gentlemen, you have seen what I have done.
Loose Jests and Bawdry, Nonsense, Noise and Dance.
Have pleas'd the Vulgar, still the Gallery.
Tuning for Instruments, like the Scene-Singers.
Then may I be sworn a burnt-fac'd thing to sell,
Good People, pity, our Op'ra damn'd itself!
With cruel Thee, I beg it of you all.
Dear Friends, Sweet, for pity use your Endeavours,
Stand by me still: Now, now's your time, or never.
Sure I'm at least the gentle Ladies Friend,
They can't deny a Beau upon his Knee.
To please these Saints, I'll shake even Conscience,
For they've betray'd, or they have left Beaus.
Their own, I mean, [illegible]
To please you, Ladies,
I'll study——Nothing——

Mrs. Rogers as Cracks.

Mrs. Rog. Hold, Sir, methinks you better way, might use
We should be Famous, and Divert the Town.
Pray let us try that, 'tis a winning Way,
And humbly beg Indulgence for the Play.

Mr. Pink. With all my heart, and so I'll speak, *Exeunt.*

Mrs. Rog. In storing Plays, there's an ungracious Curse,
Some Wits will say there's Store d'for the worse.
If ours be so, have Pity on us;
For he that dislikes us, Pox on his House.
Perhaps he does so, nay we fear he does,
Those muse for them who bring us wretched Plays.
If with his Sheriff he means our House to break,
To disappoint him, kind Sirs, let us take.
Let this Play live; then we stand bravely fix'd,
But let none come his third day, on the sixth.
To you, bright Beauties, all our Joys we owe,
You're the kind Stars from whom our Blessings flow.
Cheer'd by your Beams we hoist a second Sail,
And Pleasure's doubled by a gen'rous Strife,
To prop us now, new Favours on us show'r,
And still be great in Mercy.